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tion, urged by alternate threats and promises to recant, and finally sentenced only when it was believed that they were neither to be intimidated nor cajoled into submission. Ridley and Latimer were doomed to suffer together. When a fagot was kindled, and laid at Ridley's feet, Latimer said to him, "Be of good courage, Master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out." As the fire approached him, he cried out, "Oh! Father of Heaven, receive my soul." So entirely absorbed was he in the visions of opening glory, that he seemed insensible to pain, and his countenance remained to the last not only serene, but joyous. His prediction was fulfilled. The candle then lighted still burns, and will ever burn. The record of his martyrdom has shed its day-beams on the path, on the dungeon gloom, on the death hour of many a sufferer for righteousness' sake. The faith for which he gave his body to the flames has been hallowed for subsequent generations by no purer or more cherished consecration than that of his martyrdom. His name stands foremost in the sacramental host of Queen Mary's victims; nor does the entire history of the Church present a nobler example than his of sanctity in life, steadfastness in faith, courage in action, fortitude in endurance, triumph in death.

ART. XIV. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *Wild Oats and Dead Leaves*. By ALBERT SMITH. London : Chapman and Hall. 1860. 12mo. pp. 359.

IN anticipation of the Memoir which he proposes hereafter to write of his brother, Mr. Arthur Smith ventures to give this collection of stray leaves gathered from the various magazines and papers to which his brother was a contributor. They will recall by their playful style, by their grotesqueness, by their amiable satire, and by their superficiality, the characteristic manner of the lecturer who amused the world of London for so many nights and for so many years. No story was probably ever repeated to so many persons so many times without the

sense of fatigue, either on the part of speaker or hearers, as Mr. Albert Smith's story of the ascent of Mont Blanc. It was always the same and always different, delightful at once because it was so old and because it was so new. There were cockneys who made it a point to hear this story once a week for years, and all travellers remember the evening which they spent with this good-humored egotist as one of the finest passages in their European experience. Albert Smith never had much to say, but he made his small capital go very far. He could not write like Dickens or Thackeray, or even like Douglas Jerrold, but he never attempted the extravagances of Sala, or the slang of the author of *Guy Livingstone*. He never fell from the style of a gentleman into the style of a buffoon or a maniac. Wit, properly so called, he had not, and he seldom ventures either upon a good or a bad pun. His stories make one laugh by the comical situations which they present, and by their exaggeration of those slight ordinary ills which occasion most of the misery of common life. They are the adventures of the *Pickwick Club* diluted.

In this volume of *Wild Oats* we meet again several of the characters who have figured in Mr. Smith's previous volumes. Mr. Ledbury gets into a few more difficulties, at home and abroad; Mr. Straggles has a day's fishing, a day's shooting, rides a steeple-chase, goes cheap to the races, and eats white-bait at Greenwich; Mr. Grubbe has a night with Memnon; Mrs. Perkapple appears in the Gothics' Ball; Mrs. Cruddle visits the Isle of Wight; and Mr. Tonks keeps Christmas in a fancy style. In the paper which describes "*A Day with Barnum*," however, we take leave to say that Mr. Smith has invented for the famous showman a dialect which neither he nor any genuine Yankee ever used. Mr. Barnum's English is not certainly of the choicest: but the *patois* which he is here made to speak would be as strange to a Connecticut pedler as it seems to a London lecturer.

Some of Mr. Smith's poetical pieces are thrown into this mixture. They do not seem to us of great merit, though the versification is smooth, and the sentiment agreeable. We make exception, however, in favor of the version of Bürger's *Lenore*, in which both the spirit and the language of the ballad are admirably rendered.

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2. — *Paul the Pope and Paul the Friar. A Story of an Interdict.*
By T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE. London: Chapman and Hall.
1861. 12mo. pp. 417.

THE Trollope family, mother and sons, have certainly a genius for book-making, if we deny to them any other kind of genius. All that